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ALLEN, GILES & BLAIN,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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On a sleeping Wife.

BY JULIAN CRAMER.

Delicious task to sit and watch,
The breathings of a sleeping wife,
And mark the features of that state
Dividing death from life.
How sweet her slumber! on her lids
The angel—Peace—hath set its seal;
And to her couch the Guard forbids
An envious care to steal.

How beautiful! she would compel
The tribute of a stoic's kiss;
Angelic purity might dwell
In such a shrine as this!
And here it dwells—unstained and bright—
Though half concealed by modest fear;
Yet, were this soul disrobed to night,
I'd see an angel here!

How sweet her slumber! None but those
Whom heaven hath numbered for its bliss
Have promise of such calm repose—
Such perfect rest as this.
Unconscious of the woes and cares
That weigh us down in waking hours,
Her gentle spirit only bears
A burden now of flowers!

She dreams! Her radiant features speak—
Of themes that waken deep delight,
For smiles adorn her lip and cheek—
Smiles beautiful and bright.
O, could I lift the jealous veal
That doth those joyous thoughts conceal,
The spotless page a sinless tale
Would presently reveal.

And hark! her parting lips disclose
Some cherished secret long repressed:
Mark how her cheek with blushes glow—
How heaves her swelling breast!
She breathes a name—amid the dream—
The soul of Love is in the tone!
Her cheeks with deeper blushes teem—
That name—IT IS MY OWN!

Joy! Joy! My bliss is perfect now—
The boon I craved is mine—
Upon my bended knee I bow,
And thank thee—God divine,
By night or day, awake, asleep,
The signals of her love I see;
I know that love is pure and deep,
And centered all in me.

☞ There is much wholesome advice in the following:

Eat only what is proper food,
Drink only that which does you good,
Spend only what you can afford,
Lend only what will be restored—
Then you will have no cause to say,
"I was a fool on yesterday."

A UNIVERSAL MORAL PANACEA.—The Yankee Blade proposes the following remedy for the ills that flesh and spirit is heir to, composed of Leaves, Plants and Roots, which if taken without a wry face, will make any young man respectable and happy:

Leave off Drinking.
Leave off Smoking.
Leave off Chewing.
Leave off Snuffing.
Leave off Swearing.
Leave the gh'als alone.
Plant your pleasure in the home circle.
Plant your business in some honorable employment.
Plant your faith in truth.
Root your habits in industry.
Root your feelings in benevolence.
Root your affections in God.
For directions see the Holy Scriptures, and beware of counterfeit creeds and quack theologians.

A GOOD ONE.—"Boss I came very near getting a subscriber to-day."

"How near Tommy,"

"Why, I asked him to subscribe, and said he believed he wouldn't."

"Tommy, what excuse did that man make for not subscribing—was it reasonable?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"Oh, his wife's father's brother takes an eastern paper."

☞ The man who was injured by a burst of eloquence is likely to recover.

THE TRIAL!

Or, the Pocket Pistol and Shears.

Gabriel Wilcox was a poor man, as poverty is usually estimated. Of houses and lands gold and silver, and the thousand other things that go to make up earth's possessions, he had little, very little. Gabriel Wilcox was not a poor man; he was rich in a frame, broad and muscular; rich in robust health; rich in the affections of a lovely and loving wife; and rich in that heavenly treasure, which as far transcends the wealth of this world, as the immortal interests of man transcends the brief cares of life. So Gabriel Wilcox was not a poor man.

Gabriel was one of the early settlers of Vermont,—men of stout hearts and iron frames; men well adapted to struggle with the privations and hardships connected with the settlement of a new country; a country clothed with dense forests, the clearing up of which required severe toil before it could be made to yield food, and afford a fit abiding place for man. Gabriel was a man not to be easily discouraged, or suffer slight impediments to turn him from his purpose. He was born and raised a tiller of the soil; had pictured to himself in his day dreams, a farm containing broad acres of upland and meadow, stocked with cattle and sheep; and therefore emigrated from the old Bay State to the cold regions of Vermont, that he might realize his visions, surround himself with a wife and children, and take his place among the really independent lords of creation. He purchased a hundred acres of wild land, in habited principally by bears and wolves. The first season, with his faithful axe, buried to the eye at every blow, he let in the sunlight on several acres, erected himself a cabin, with the logs cut upon the spot, and ere the year rolled round moved home his wife, and had fairly made a beginning.

The location selected by Gabriel was a judiciously chosen piece of table land, high up among the hills—an elevation which afforded a prospect of the surrounding country at once grand and imposing. Away to the north-east, at the farthest boundary of vision, arose the snow-wreathed summits of the White Hills of New Hampshire; while to the south-east stretched in their verdure and grandeur, the Green Mountains of Vermont. Here, amid the handiwork of the Great Architect, his soul was elevated from Nature up to Nature's Great First Cause.

Time moved on. Plenty surrounded him, or was won from the earth. One after another bright cherub, in the form of children, surrounded his table and cheered him in his labor.

Death is at all times an unwelcome visitor. When he gathers in the old—those ripe for the sickle, and they are borne to their long sleep, we weep, perhaps, but at the same time rejoice that their weary pilgrimage is ended. When the infant is removed, in its innocence and loveliness, we feel that one too pure for earth is carried on angels' pinions up to the paradise of God. But when a good man, in the prime of life, the head and support of a family, in the midst of his usefulness and influence, is suddenly and without warning cut off, it seems as though a main pillar in the social fabric had crumbled and fallen. He went forth in the morning to his accustomed toil, and before the sun went down, was brought back by his neighbors upon a litter, mortally injured, a tree having fallen upon him, crushing and mutilating him in a shocking manner. Amid the struggle of the last agony, when the soul tears itself from the body, his mind was tranquil and serene; it was stayed on God. Gabriel Wilcox was a Christian; not only in name and by profession, but in deed and in truth.

As the body, when severely injured, is sometimes affected with numbness, which frequently continues a considerable time before the feelings are restored, and acute pain experienced; so the mind, when sudden, crushing and overwhelming calamity comes upon it, is affected with a sort of mental stupor, which is frequently prolonged to days and even weeks before it is aroused to a full sense of the extent of its wretchedness.—When the Widow Wilcox awoke to a just comprehension of the greatness of her bereavement—when she looked upon her now fatherless children—when she considered the deep responsibility of her situation, and her own weakness and helplessness—she was led to cry out, in the deep agony of her feelings, to the sympathising neighbors who surrounded her—"Have pity upon me! have pity upon me! oh, ye my friends! for the hand of God has touched me!"

At the close of the day, after the funeral rites were over, and he whom they held near and dear had been consigned to his last resting place, this lone widow gathered her family around her, and opening the "book of books," where the afflicted may always drink from a fountain of consolation pure and holy, she turned to that beautiful portion, the 23d Psalm—"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul. * * * Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life." She felt refreshed. The comforting language of the Psalmist seemed to dry up the fountains of her grief. Then closing the book, with her little children kneeling around her, she poured forth her full soul in prayer: "O, thou God of the widow and fatherless, listen—assist by thy grace a feeble worm of the dust, rightly to perform her duty to these little ones; that we—when life's brief journey is ended—with their father, whom thou in thy providence hast suddenly removed from us—may meet in thy heavenly kingdom, where sorrows and sighs shall have ended, and tears shall be wiped from all eyes!" When she had done her heart was strengthened and her soul invigorated.

* * * * * * *

Years passed away. The widow's little family, comprising a boy and three lovely daughters, grew up around this heroic woman, in that happy contentment, always enjoyed by those who scrupulously perform their relative duties to each other, and to their Maker.

As might naturally be anticipated, this widow had many offers of second marriage; but none of them coming from persons whose qualifications came up to the standard of what she thought a good husband should possess, she wisely refused them all. One was from no less a personage than Deacon Gershom Grimes.

Now, Deacon Grimes had the reputation of being an exceedingly pious man; and if piety consists in making long prayers, and in putting on an elongated, lugubrious visage,—in selling and buying in a nasal, canting twang of voice, and always securing the best end of the bargain; in robbing the widows and fatherless, and ostentatiously making donations to Bible and Missionary Societies—than was Deacon Grimes a pious man, par excellence. When the day of reckoning comes, and such men's garments of self-righteousness stripped off, and their hypocricy appears in all its nakedness, how will their blasted souls shiver and shrink to meet the just anger of an outraged and avenging God!

Well, this Deacon, good, kind, friendly, sympathising soul, had loaned the widow $70, to enable her to pay off a mortgage on the homestead, which her late husband had been unable to take up before he died, in consequence of having sold a yoke of oxen and a cow to a drover, for that purpose, and take his pay in bills of the "Old Farmer's Exchange Bank," which broke just before the mortgage became due.

Everybody said how kind the Deacon was, thus to assist the poor widow in her necessity. Miss Mehitable Megrin, an ancient maiden, exclaimed: "'Twill certainly be a match! though for my part, I can't diskiver what the Deacon sees in Widder Wilcox so wonderful captervatin,—she allers looked to me like a very *putchiky* kind of a body; and what's more, what kinder right has she to have two husbands, when some on us can't get even one,—I should like to know. Not that I want a husband, no, by no means; I would'nt have the best man in the whole universel world; and I don't care who knows it, I don't."

Now, the widow, though very thankful for the loan of the money, could not for the life of her discover why she should surrender up her person to such a man, in liquidation of such a debt; so she very kindly rejected the Deacon's offer.

On the night of the widow's refusal the Deacon went home, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm." The Deacon was implacable in temper. His pride was wounded. Revenge to him was ever a sweet morsel. The next day he sent the sheriff with a writ of *attachment* on her goods and chattels, real, personal, mixed; and, for want thereof, to take the body. The widow still had friends; gave the required bail, and the Deacon was baulked, as we shall see in the sequel.

The gentle reader, the kind reader, or the reader, neither gentle nor kind, no matter which, will please stick a pin here, as we must make a trifling digression in our eventful history.

Jacob Wilcox and Sarah Westerly were children and playmates together. In company they hunted hen's eggs and jumped upon the hay from the great beam in the barn, they were taught their a. b. c. from the same spelling book at the woman's school, together they chased the butterfly over the green-sward; and when the evening came, they sat under the old apple-tree at the corner of the orchard, and ate their blackberries and milk from the same little porringer.

What wonder, then, that their affection for each other grew and strengthened with their growth and strength, and when he arrived at years of maturity, and she was just blushing into womanhood, they should be drawn together by the silken cords of love, and should seek to unite their fortunes, for weal or for woe, in the indissoluble bands of marriage?

How Jacob woed and won his mountain nymph—how his heart beat against his ribs, and leaped into his throat, half choking his utterance, when he urged her to become his, for ever and for aye—how she blushed rosy red, when as the joy of her young heart she gave her full consent—their plans and hopes, their joys and sorrows—are they not written in the Book of Undying Memories. There let them remain.

At the time of which we now write, Jacob was in his nineteenth summer, a manly, muscular lad, the stay and the staff of his widowed mother. His assistance on the farm seemed absolutely necessary; but the debt to Deacon Grimes remained unpaid; and some plan, if possible, must be devised to settle this annoying debt. 'Twas their great trouble: the spectre that constantly haunted them in their sleeping and walking dreams.

After much family conversation, it was at last determined that Jacob should go to the far off city of Boston, seek employment, and endeavor by honest industry to earn the requisite sum.

On a bright sunny morning in May, Jacob swung his pack and set forth on his travels. With eyes running over with tears, his mother said to him on leaving—"My dear, my only son, you are now going forth into a wide and wicked world, full of allurements to entice the unwary and entrap the inexperienced—fear not—read your bible—say your prayers—go constantly to meeting on the Sabbath—avoid evil company as you would the plague—and may the great God preserve thee! If at any time your way seems blocked up and all before you is dark, dreary and desolate—fear not, my son—God will provide a way."

With these instructions from his honored mother, he set forth for the distant city, saying, as he bade her good bye, "For your sake mother—for the sake of my sisters, and for the sake of sweet Sarah Westerly, I will work my fingers off to the knuckle joints; but Deacon Grimes shall be paid to the uttermost cent."

After eight days of weary travelling, he came in sight of the great city. As he entered, the noise and bustle, the contemplation of trucks and carts, of men and women, hurrying to and fro, and the jar and discord of a tumultuous city at first amazed and bewildered him—the whole contrasting strongly with his simple life in the country.

Walking in the middle of the street, clothed in his suit of rustic homespun—staring at the signs—he attracted the notice of a saucy specimen of a Cornhill counter-jumper, who accosted him with—"Hulloah! Johnathan Hawbuck, just come deown!" Jacob looked upon him with an expression of insufferable contempt, saying—"Has your father any more like you? if he has, tell him to send them to a woman's school to learn manners, for there is little hope of you!" The upstart found he had waked up the wrong passenger, and with a chop fallen countenance passed on.

Jacob had not been many days in the city before he found employment in a fish store on Long wharf, at $12 per month and board. He labored twelve long months, faithfully and industriously, to the entire satisfaction of his employer; cheered on in his toil by the thoughts of his home, his mother—not forgetting Sarah Westerly—joyous in the contemplation of the happiness he should impart to those he held most near and dear by being again restored to them after his long absence, and paying off the only debt he owed in the world.

During the year he resided in the city, he obeyed with scrupulous exactness the parting injunctions of his mother—was a constant worshipper every Sabbath at the Methodist chapel in Bloomfield street, the persuasion in which he had been educated, and consequently the one most consonant with his early associations. And if the young men from the country, at the present day, would follow his example, instead of making the day one of revelry and amusement, they certainly would find more money in their pockets, and their morals would be in no danger in consequence.

Deducting $20, which Jacob had necessarily expended for clothing, his employer on final settlement gave him a check for $124 on the bank, to which he repaired, and on presenting his check it was cashed, as is customary, in bills of the same bank. On receiving the money he observed: "No doubt these bills are as good as wheat. Not many years ago my father, now dead and gone, received $80 in just as good looking promises to pay, on the old Farmer's Exchange Bank—the same kind of money which you notional Boston folks built that everlasting big tavern with, which was burnt down last winter, and which a good many folks up in our State didn't shed many tears about neither, and in less than ten days after father received them they were no better than so much paper; and as this money is to be devoted to a very particular purpose, no less than paying off the debt of a poor widow—and as she has set her heart upon its payment—if it's just as convenient, and won't disoblige you, perhaps 'twould be as well, all things considered, to give me the simon pure shiners, suppose you shell out the real gold, 'twil be so convenient to carry, you see; and then, if the bank breaks to-morrow, 'twont make the least difference in the world."

After listening, with marked attention, to this long-winded though modest request, the gentlemanly teller, smilingly, and with apparent pleasure, counted out twelve golden eagles, making up the ballance in American silver, and Jacob with a gleeful countenance left the bank.

The next day, after purchasing a lilac colored silk dress for Sarah Westerly, and a few other articles of trifling amount he again swung his pack, and took his departure from a city, where he had been successful beyond his most sanguine hopes; and with a glad and buoyant heart bent his steps toward home, that home where all his hopes and affections centered.

Nothing worthy of record occurred to Jacob, until he arrived at a pleasant village up among the hills.

At the time of which we write, more than thirty years ago—the benignant light of the great temperance reformation had not dawned upon New England. Alcoholic drink was reckoned among the good creatures of God. The minister of the Gospel indited and preached his most powerful sermons under its stimulus. Even good pious deacons manufactured and vended it, and found in it a wonderful assistance in prayer and exhortation. With all the rest of the people, Jacob Wilcox occasionally drank it; and as he always practised the most rigid economy, he purchased a small green flask bottle, commonly denominated a "pocket pistol," as a companion on his journey, and was accustomed to get it replenished at the country stores, as he passed along, to save the expense of buying it by the glass at the taverns on the road.

In the village in which Jacob had now arrived, was a store very similar in appearance to all the stores in that region. Over the door of the one in question was a signboard, much the worse for wear and tear of time, on which was painted what were once gilt letters—"ICHABOD DAYBOOK;" on the window shutters were the usual inscriptions—"Rum, Brandy and Gin, Drugs, Medicines and Dye Stuffs, Crockery and Hardware, all kinds of Country Produce taken in Exchange for Goods. Horses' Manes and Tails, and Hogs' Bristles Wanted. Cash paid for Rags." Into this store entered Jacob, to get his *pistol charged*, and to rest himself withal; for he had walked many weary miles that morning. As he entered, he deposited his pack upon the counter in the front part of the store, and as he did so, was smilingly accosted by the owner of the shop, in most friendly accents:

"Good morning, young man, very fine morning—pleasant growing weather—come from a distance I presume—been down to the Bay State—as far as Boston, perhaps? What news? how long did you stop in the city? what success—how's trade?" and many other commonplace interrogations; winding up with—"Here, Stephen," calling to his clerk, "give this young man a glass of good old Jamaica; 'twill revive his spirits—he is tired."

Jacob drank the proffered glass, and its effects were soon apparent; he became exceedingly communicative; and with much volubility gave the apparently generous hearted merchant, a history of his life for the preceding year, relating every particular. In his earnestness he had well nigh forgotton to replenish his bottle; but coming to himself, he accompanied the clerk to the farther part of the store, had his *pistol loaded*, and soon took his leave, amid the congratulations of Mr. Daybook on his success and promising prospects.

Jacob had proceeded on his way but a few miles, and was just crossing a stone bridge at the foot of a long hill, when he heard the sound of carriage-wheels as they rattled over the rough road. Looking behind him, he saw approaching in the carriage, Mr. Daybook, accompanied by another man, with whom he appeared to be in close conversation. Thinking nothing of the incident he kept on his way, whistling in his light-heartedness as he went.

When the carriage came up with him, it suddenly stopped, and the gentleman accompanying Daybook, thus accosted him:

"I am extremely sorry to inform you, young man, that you are strongly suspected of committing, what in the language of the law is known as *petit larceny*, consequently I am under the disagreeable necessity of intimating to you that you are hereby arrested"—exhibiting at the same time his authority. "My friend here, Mr. Daybook," he continued, "has made oath that he has good reason to believe, and does believe, that you Jacob Wilcox, have stolen from him, against the peace and dignity of the State of Vermont, and in violation of its laws, a *pair of shears*, of the value of one dollar, whereof he has made complaint, in due form; therefore, for the present, at least, you must consider yourself my prisoner."

Search was made, and lo and behold! on opening Jacob's pack, a pair of shears were found, answering the description set forth in the writ. Had a thunderbolt exploded at noonday, with a bright sun and no cloud to be seen, or any other strange phenomenon exhibited itself, Jacob Wilcox could not have been more confounded or utterly amazed.

Ichabod Daybook had for many years been a trader in the town, and was reputed rich, but whether his riches were honestly accumulated, was extremely doubtful. He held mortgages on many farms in the neighborhood, and was so intimately connected with the business of the region, that he was obsequiously courted and flattered on account of his wealth, rather adored than honored and respected by reason of his good qualities, whether of mind or heart.

On their way back to the village, Mr. Daybook thus condolingly addressed Jacob:—"What a pity it is, that a young man like you, just setting out in life, and with such fair prospects before you, should be overtaken in such a grieveous fault. I wouldn't wish to be hard with, or pursue you to extremities, seeing it's only your first offence, which no doubt, it is, and I hope it might prove a good lesson to you for the future.—This matter can easily be hushed us. Come, now, just pay me fifty dollars, and have this painful matter—for painful is it to me, I assure you—all settled."

"Mr. Daybook," replied Jacob, "I know not by what means, or by whose agency these shears came into my pack. I certainly never put them there. An enemy has done this thing. I shall abide the result, come weal or come woe. It shall never be said that the son of Gabriel Wilcox paid hush money to avoid the imputation of a crime of which he was entirely innocent."

They then moved on in silence, soon arrived back to the village, and stopped at the tavern, where shortly after Jacob was summoned in due form before Squire Smith, the village Justice.

The news of the pursuit and arrest, which had spread abroad, had collected together the usual number of loungers and do nothings generally to be found in the vicinity of a country inn. The examination proceeded. The complainant stated briefly, distinctly, and with the air of one familiar with such proceedings, the fact of Jacob's coming to his store that morning—getting his bottle filled—the shears lying on the counter when he came in—and of his missing them immediately after his departure—that no other person came inio the store or was there during the time. The constable testified to the manner of arrest—the finding of the shears in Jacob's frock, and also to his asservations of innocence.

Here, then, was a chain of circumstances; plain, simple, and not to be gainsayed.

At this point, the Justice, turning to Jacob, asked him what he had to offer, why he should not suffer the penalty of the law.

Jacob arose with much calmness, though with a countenance more than usually pallid, and said: "May it please the Court—I am innocent. Circumstances appear much against me; *'judge not according to appearances, but judge righteous judgement'* An infernal plot has been laid to rob me of my money and of my good name, and"—clenching his huge fist, and slowly extending his long muscular arm in the direction of the complainant—"*thou Ichabod Daybook, art the man!*"

For a moment, breathless silence reigned in the room. This sudden outburst of Jacob seemed almost prophetic. Daybook, sat undisturbed. He looked upon him with a fiendish leer, as the gamester might be supposed to look upon the victim of his foul play, already in his coils.

Suddenly a commotion was heard near the door—a young man pressed forward, and announced that a lady was waiting without, who wished to speak to Squire Smith; she had important testimony to give relating to the case before the Court. The lady, apparently about forty-five years of age, was ushered in, and much agitated took the stand; and, being duly sworn, Justice Smith soothingly said: My good woman, please tell the Court what you know relating to the case now in hearing:

"I had occasion to go into Mr. Daybook's store this morning. Just as I was entering the store, I saw Mr. Daybook take a pair of shears from the counter, and hastily put them into a pack, lying there; thinking it all right—supposing some one had bought them—I thought no more of it. When I was in the store, the young man now charged with stealing, came round from the other part of the store, at the same time putting a small bottle in his pocket, buckled on his pack and passed out."

"Are you sure," asked the Justice, that this young man and the pack are the very same you saw in the store?"

"As sure of it as I am of any thing that I see with my own eyes; and I am sure they don't begin to fail me yet. Besides, when Mr. Daybook opened the pack, I observed a small bundle there, and the paper in which it was done up being torn, I saw peeping out a very pretty piece of lilac colored silk."

This piece of testimony was conclusive.—Jacob was instantly discharged, amid the reiterated shouts and acclamations of those present. Having somewhat recovered from the joyful shock produced by this remarkable change of affairs in his honor, Jacob exclaimed—"Thank Heaven, my good mother was right when she said—'Fear not my son, GOD WILL PROVIDE A WAY!'"

Before leaving the village, Jacob was repeatedly urged to prosecute Daybook for perjury; but he invariably answered—"No; it would look like revenge. Poor man! from my soul I pity him. The gnawings of a guilty conscience harass him by day, and the ghosts of his bad deeds will haunt him by night."

Two days after being tried, Jacob reached home. He immediately paid off Deacon Grimes; and married Sarah Westerly—all in due course of time.

More than thirty years have passed away since the foregoing events transpired. Jacob is yet alive, the owner of a well cultivated farm. His family of children—now men and women—are happily settled around him. He is now a leading member of a Temperance Society, and has for many years represented his town in the Legislature. His mother still lives, and resides with him, in a green old age; one bright ray of the setting sun still lingering on her declining years.

In commemoration of that remarkable incident in his life, which we have attempted to record in this simple story, Jacob Wilcox has caused to be painted on the back part of the seat of his two-horse wagon, a green flask bottle surmounted with a pair of shears,—the whole enclosed in a wreath of evergreen. He styles it his coat of arms.

The writer of this being recently on a visit to his native State, received from Mr. Wilcox himself the skeleton of this story, which he has fleshed up and clothed in simple, and he hopes modest drapery. So endeth the tale of a "Pocket Pistol and a Pair of Shears!"

A Rich Scene.

Some weeks ago there was a gathering of the alumni of Rockland College, Louisiana, when the following good story was told:

A tall, awkward looking chap, just from the Green mountains of Vermont, came on board one of the north River Boats at Albany. His curiosity was amazingly excited at once and he commenced peeking, as he called it into every nook and corner on the boat.—The captain's office, the engine room, the water closets, the barber's shop, all underwent his inspection; and then he went on deck and stood in amazement at the lever beam, the chimneys and the various "fixins," till at last he caught sight of the bell. This was the crowning wonder, and he viewed it from every position, walked around it, and exclaimed—

"Wall, raly, this beats the bell on our meeting house a darned sight."

By this time the attention of the captain and several of the passengers was attracted to this genius.

"How much would you ask to let a feller ring this bell?"

"You may ring it for a dollar, sir,' said the captain.

"Wall, it's a bargain, all fair and agreed, and no backing out."

"It's a bargain, sir," said the captain.

Our hero went deliberately and brought out a seat and took hold of the bell rope, and having arranged every thing to his satisfaction, commenced ringing slowly at first, and gradually faster and faster! till every body on board thought the boat was on fire, and rushed on deck, screaming with alarm.

There stood the captain, and there stood the "Vermonter," ringing away first slow and then fast, and then two or three taps at a time.

The passengers began to expostulate; the captain said it was a bargain. But the passengers became urgent that the eternal clangor should be stopped.

All the while there sat our hero undisturbed, ringing more ways than a cockney chime ringer ever dreamed about.

At last the captain began to think it time to stop the simpleton; but his answer was, "a fair bargain and no backing out," and he rang away for dear life.

"Well," says the captain, "what will you take to stop?"

"Wall, capt'n, I guess I shan't loose nothing if I take five dollars and a free passage to New York, but not a darned cent less."

"Well, walk down to the office and get your money and passage ticket."

A few Hints.

One hour lost in the morning by lying in bed will put back all the business of the day.

One hour gained by rising early is worth one month of labor in a year.

One hole in a fence will cost ten times as much as it will to fix it at once.

One diseased sheep will poison a whole flock.

One unruly animal will learn all others in a company bad tricks and the bible says, "One sinner destroys much good."

One drunkard will keep a family poor and make them miserable.

One wife that is always telling how fine her neighbor dresses, and how little she can get will look pleasanter if she talks about something else.

One husband that is penurious or lazy, and deprives his family of necessary comforts, such as neighbors enjoy is not as desirable as he ought to be.

One lie will cost twenty more to conceal it.

One good newspaper is one good thing in every family.

SOMETHING OUT OF NOTHING.—It is not difficult to decipher the following attempt to make something out of nothing. The first arrangement you may not have seen; the second is from an English paper:

U O a 0, but I 0 u,
O O no 0, but O O me;
O let not my 0 a 0 go,
But give 0 0 I 0 u so!

The English version reads thus:

You sigh for a cypher, but I sigh for you:
O sigh for no cypher, but O sigh for me;
O let not my sigh for a cypher go,
But give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for you so.

Executive Pardons.

Gov. Wood has been very indignantly censured by a number of the Whig papers throughout the State, for pardoning from the State prison a man named KEEFER, who was sentenced for murder in the second degree. We cut the following paragraph from the Ohio State Journal, from which it appears that, "if the people of Stark county have any cause of complaint, it is against their own citizens rather than against the governor."

"We referred a few day since to the conduct of some of the inhabitants of Stark co., in reference to the action of Governor Wood, in pardoning Keefer, who was sent to the Penitentiary for murder in the second degree. The Stark County Democrat, of last week, containing the petitions and papers on which the pardon was based. From these it seems that the President Judge, one of the Associate Judges, the twelve Jurymen, and quite a number of the prominent citizens of Massilon and Cleveland petitioned for the pardon, and made a representation of facts which would render a pardon justifiable.—If the people of Stark county have any cause of complaint, it is against their own citizens, rather than against the Governor."

Hear Him Talk!

Sanders of the Evansville Journal, went to Iowa for a new wife. After many incidents and accidents by flood and field he reached the place of his destination, and having secured the object sought after, returned home. After announcing his arrival, and his change of condition, he volunteered the following advice to his old bachelor friends:

"In announcing the fact of our return home with a rib, we cannot refrain from expressing our profound disgust of bachelors—and we expect to be disgusted with both for several weeks. We are well aware that in times gone by, we occasionally made ourself ridiculous in the eyes of sensible men, by upholding the bachelor state as the only life of happiness, independence and earthly glory. But we were young and green then, and of course knew but one side of the subject. Now stand up here, you consarned ugly picture of humanity rejoicing in the name of bachelors, and answer us a few questions.

"What are *you* fit for in this world? What good are you doing for your country? What are you doing for posterity? What interest have *you* in the "yet unborn" that you read of? Where will you be, when old men, if your vile habits ever permit you to arrive at old age? Won't you be like a lonely scarred and scathed tree standing in a large clearing without a companion, and your life unprotected from the frosts by your saplings and shrubs at your feet? Or won't you be like pumkins in a corn field, more prominent because of your prodigious ugliness and loneliness, than the stalks at your side laden with golden grain? Hold up your heads and *talk* like men, whether you can act so or not.—Now, don't you feel ashamed of yourselves? Look at the girls about you, all smiles and sugar—hearts overflowing with love ready to be spilled on the first good fellow that can touch their sympathies. Look at 'em, and feel the disgusting position you occupy in the cabbage garden of humanity. What are you holding back for? Now just reform—put on your best looks and other coat—talk to them prettily,—then propose, get accepted, marry, and—the country will rely on you as a faithful and well disposed citizen."

"Will you pay me this bill, sir?," said a tailor to a waggish fellow, who owed him a pretty long bill.

"Do you owe anybody anything, sir?" said the wag.

"No sir," said the tailor.

"Then you can afford to wait," and off he walked.

A day or two afterwards the tailor called again. Our wag was not at his wit's end yet; so turning to the tailor he said:

"Are you in debt to anybody?"

"Yes sir?" said the tailor.

"Why don't you pay?"

"I've not the money."

"That's just my case, sir. I see you can appreciate my condition; give me your hand."

A lesson in Arithmetic.

Teacher—"John, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it, and kill three how many would be left?"

John—"Three, sir."

Teacher—"No, two would be left, you ignoramus."

John—"No there wouldn't though; the the three shot would be left, and the other two would be *flied away*."

Teacher—"Take your seat, John!"

Wanted.

A pair of spectacles to suit the eyes of a potatoe.

The club with which an idea struck a post.

A stick to measure narrow escapes.

The hook and line with which an angler caught a cold.

A pair of socks made of Ned Buntline's Life Yarn.

A pair of gloves for the hands of a watch.

An umbrella to use in the *reign* of tyrants.

A knot from the board the man paid twenty shillings a week for.

Some lemonade made of a sour temper and the sweets of matrimony.

A snare to catch brick-bats.

A cement for filling the decayed teeth of saws.

Some of the other fish the man had to fry.

A span of horses that can draw the twenty thousand dollar prize.

☞ Why was Jonah in the fish's belly like a fashionable young lady?

Because he had more of the *whale bone** about him that was good for him.

*Our devil says the above is not true. He says that they use *sticks of wood* instead of whalebone.

☞ A very modest old maid, visiting a newly married friend recently, saw one of her husband's shirts lying on the bed, and exclaimed, "Oh, mercy, a man's shirt on your bed! such a thing on my bed would give me the nightmare!" "Very like," responded the wife, "unless the man was inside of it."